

Wisdom Teeth

The Weekends

It's been eighteen months since I kissed you once
So just saying hi just isn't going to fly
But if you give me a clue and a minute or two
Then I might remember your name
And I hate to insist that I was really that pissed
But to tell the truth, in my flush of youth
I would drown my sight until faces
And nights seemed the same
And a nervous shrug and an awkward hug
Won't get me out of the hole that I've dug
So I slip the noose with a poor excuse
And talk to someone, anyone else
And I sit with my friends and I try to pretend
That I never did that sort of thing again
But I'm lying to myself
And suddenly it's as clear as clear could be
I'm not quite the perfect man that I hoped I'd be
And though I always tried to live an honest life
To tell my truth I've told my share of lies
I remember you, of course I do
But I don't recall how many times we've been through
This little game, that always ends the same
With you sad and me far away and every time I repeat the line
That the fault's not mine and I wasn't unkind
But the worst part is that I've got nothing else to say
And all the pretty little pictures of faith
And firm devotion that I painted as a child
Well they have fallen by the wayside
Along with all my puppy fat
But my days have taught me this
That every day I spend pretending
That I always choose the right path
Is a day that I choose the wrong
Oh yes, my wisdom teeth have been giving me grief
They woke me up to find that I'm exactly the kind of
Guy, I said that I'd rather be dead than be
In the days before I got laid

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